

# Grand Lot Sale and Free Excursion

## ...ON RAPID TRANSIT ELECTRIC RAILWAY...

# To Beautiful Lawndale Park Allotment

## Thanksgiving Day

Remember that no more beautiful allotment can be found in Summit county. This allotment is put on the market upon terms that cannot fail to suit those wishing to invest in real estate. Remember that we do not make the price, but the purchaser. To this offer we say to you we will not charge you any interest and we will pay the taxes until the lot you purchase is paid for, and if you pay cash we will discount your purchase 10 per cent. and a full and complete abstract will be given you for each lot sold.

## Terms of This Sale Are \$10 Cash and \$5 Per Month Until Paid For

This allotment is but a short distance north of Barberton, and is a beautiful location. Barberton is not a boom town, but is growing at a rapid pace by reason of its solid and substantial factories. No one can make a mistake by purchasing real estate at this time in or near Barberton. The lots not sold at this sale will not be sold until May 1, 1900, at which time they will be sold at private sale at a great advance from what these lots will be sold for. **THINK OF THE TERMS: \$10 Cash, and \$5 per month until paid for. No Interest. No Taxes.** Ask for tickets to Lawndale Park Allotment and they will be freely given to you.

## Magic City Allotment Co.

For further particulars inquire of T. L. CHILDS, Attorney-at-Law, 303 and 304 Walsh block, or A. A. MILLER, Walsh block.

### A MORNING PRAYER.

Let me today do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store,  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,  
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,  
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,  
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,  
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,  
A word of courage or a thought of health,  
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span  
Twist dawn and dark and to my conscience say,  
Because of some good act to boast or man,  
"The world is better that I lived today."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

### DARK EYED MAID GAVE A WARNING

A Story of Moonlight Jealousy and a Sillio.

By Samuel McLeary Waller.

When Trooper Paul Mills gave the bread and coffee, he had little idea of the havoc he was raising for the well ordered existence of three who thought they were happy. But he could not have been expected to know that the girl with the blue hair and the form drawn by famine had a lover and a sickle heart, and he had never thought so well of himself as to imagine that he had a gallant figure and an earnest eye capable of turning the maiden's head. Else he might have hesitated as he stood in the blue haze of the tropical morning and singled out the one of the misery laden group of refugees who seemed nearest the borderland of exhaustion. For he was of the kind that love constancy and shrink from sullying a pure heart.

When the maiden had eaten the dry bread and drank the hot coffee and Mills had returned to his tent to get more of his small allowance of food to give to some other of the unhappy exiles, he wondered at the quivering eyes she had turned back after stumbling away without thanking him. They had looked like twin fires of gratitude and fear kindled by sparks from a tender and terrified conscience.

The maiden moved on with the form that was struggling back to the deserted city. The bundle slung on her head pressed with less insistence. Her veins were warm. Into them had stolen the strong beverage and the greater strength of a sublime emotion sent on the subtlety of a kindly glance.

From out of the shell torn bull ring at the edge of the city came a graceful youth in blue and scarlet and gold. His cap was tasseled, his leggings seamed with buttons of bronze, and the fringe of his blood red sash touched the jangling rattle of his spur. His step rang on the roadway as he hurried forth to meet the maiden.

"Ah, Manuela, I have watched the throng since daylight! I watched it all yesterday. Why are you so tardy?" He had reached out to clasp the girl's hands, but they slipped behind her back. The youth stopped as though he had felt a jar. Then passion came out of the gloom in the deep of his somber eyes and spread down his face.

"What, Manuela, is this the greeting I get—I who burned my heart out for you and sat on top of the bull ring and gazed over the hills to where you were when the big guns were roaring death over the valley? Come, speak to me, child, and say you are glad of your welcome!"

"Had you been brave, like the men behind those guns, you would have gone through their weak, thin line and

come to me. I am not glad of the welcome of a coward!"

All through the weary days of starvation in the foul village to the north and in the purple forests around it she had signed to press the lips of this same coward, had vowed eternal fealty at the throne of his picturesque personality; had breathed fervent caresses that the free evening air might waft them over the intrenched heads of the sullen armies to the vine clad balcony where he was used to sit in the moonlight. On the hot road homeward she had thrilled with joy that each heavy step brought forward the time of blissful meeting and that each moment was a messenger from the day when they should walk between their wealth of friends down the long cathedral aisle. Then had come the pair of gray eyes, and the vanished will of the Cozencas had melted away like ice at twilight.

The face of the youth became scarlet as his sash, then white as his palm. It is not the habit of a Latin to control his passions, rather he cultivates them to ferocity, but Jose choked back his fury. Perhaps the sunken, pallid face of the girl suggested physical or mental unbalance—perhaps he had learned diplomacy. Again he held out his hands.

"Come, Manuela, these troublous times are passing, and we'll be happy again as when we strolled through the groves by the harbor. Say a kind word. It will warm your heart and brighten mine. Say that you are glad to see me."

His tones were soft, his glances tender. But the girl knew not restraint if the youth did. She spurned the outstretched hand with her own. A heavy gold ring fell from her thin finger and rolled away in the dust. She looked at it a moment, half stooped to pick it up, then turned and walked away. She gave the youth no word. The white of the kind that love constancy and shrink from sullying a pure heart.

When Trooper Mills rode into the city next day, but one thought animated his mind. Letters from his mother and his sweetheart were in the bag of mail he was to take to camp from the postoffice, and he wanted to get back to quarters as quickly as possible to secure them. So Trooper Mills clattered gayly through the street.

He glanced into a barred window. His clear gray eyes met the startled gaze of two shining black ones. Grasping the curtains did not keep Manuela from falling down from the casement. She heard the horse come to an abrupt halt, then a sharp rattle of iron on stone as he was turned abruptly and the quick, short steps which were bringing him toward the window. Air seemed to have stopped circulating. Her breath would hardly come as she drew herself to her feet.

A shadow came through the window as a rough hand grasped an iron bar. Next said a hearty voice:

"Is this the little woman I gave something to eat yesterday? I'm glad to see you again. It was the devil of a time you people had out yonder, and I hope another won't come like it. You are all right now and will soon be as fat and pretty as ever again. Well, goodbye; I must hurry on. Hope to see you again."

And the echoes of hoof beats soon died away in the distance. Certainly such a speech as that is not calculated to overturn the common sense of a reasonable girl. There is in it nothing ardent nor inspiring, but Manuela's heart was too big for her body before the sound of it was out of her ears. She leaned on the casement for support. Quickly her body became rigid, and all the passion of her soul surged up. Jose had come from out the house opposite, and the house was not his home. His eyes were malignant as he stepped into the narrow street and followed after the horseman.

Manuela followed him with intent

gaze until he was lost to view. She knew what those burning eyes meant. She turned to a door leading into the courtyard and leaned against the railing, but she did not hear the ripple of the dilapidated fountain nor smell the pathetic fragrance of the neglected flowers. Her eyes pierced the past, the future and then paused at the present. She returned to the street window and leaned against the bars. Her body was quivering with checked emotion.

Presently a horseman came galloping down the street. She knew that it was her trooper.

"Senor!" she called in an excited, low voice. Mills would not have heard had he not looked toward the window to see if the girl were still there. There was something wild and eager in the face which made him pull the horse up roughly. He rode up to the bars.

"Senor!" The girl spoke rapidly, and her tones were hoarse. "You are in danger. You are to be killed. I must warn you, but not now. Come at midnight to the spreading tree behind the bull ring. I will be there. Will you come?"

Mills was almost at camp before he ceased wondering why he promised to meet the girl. It was absurdly foolish, he said. Why did she not tell him of the danger instead of making such an appointment? The trooper had been seated under the tree half an hour when he heard soft footsteps in the shadow beneath the wall of the bull ring. He stepped forward and met Manuela as she passed into the gloom of the branches. She clutched his arm, and her hand trembled violently.

"He followed me," she panted. But for his support she would have fallen.

"Who?" asked the wondering soldier.

"Jose," she replied, "the man I came to warn you against. He wants to marry me, but I will have nothing of him. He saw you at my window today and says you are the man I love and that he will kill you. He watched the house all night. I tried to elude him when I came out, but he saw me and came after."

She drew closer to the trooper.

"I am afraid of him," she continued.

"He will kill me. You won't let him kill me?"

Her arms clasped him about the neck, and she placed his arm around her neck and lips. Mills was thoroughly astounded at the whole procedure and struggled to protest. He tried to put the trembling girl from him. Over her shoulder he saw a body creeping through the grass. At each movement something long and white gleamed in the moonlight. It was a girl's figure turned the corner of the bull ring. He never saw her again.

Next day the watch found the body of Jose with his own stiletto in his heart. A heavy gold ring lay in the pool of his blood.—New York News.

A FAIR KLODKER.

Over the Lakon Trail to a Laundry in Dawson City.

The trigid Yukon is as familiar to Miss Edith Howe as the Hudson to New York excursionists. This young

woman has been up and down that river road to Dawson City and the Klondike lots of times.

Miss Howe has returned to her home in Rapid City, S. D., for a brief rest to recuperate from an attack of typhoid fever. Then she'll go back to her prosperous laundry in Dawson and continue to make money.

The experience of her life was a trip which she made alone down the river from Dawson City in midwinter with

her 78 years and her recent widowhood, has resumed her public work, not only presiding at the fortnightly meetings of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage association, of which she is president, but lecturing as usual for many charitable and philanthropic objects. In a private letter to a friend she says: "Among the last words of Mr. Livermore was his wish that I would go on, as I had been living. 'Don't give up any work you are engaged in, only try not to overdo.' I have great need of work now. It is to me more than money, sympathy, food or raiment. I must live worthily. I cannot be overborne now at the close of my life by sorrow, depression and loneliness. And the very last work I shall relinquish is work for suffrage for women, as it underlies the whole matter of women's advancement."

Boston Woman's Journal.

Many Times a Widow.

Senora Rey Castillo, a Mexican lady, surely holds the world's record for multiple widowhood, as she has worn the weeds seven times between the years 1880 and 1895. A curious feature of the case is that each of her consorts found a violent but different exit from life. The first fell out of a carriage, the second took poison by accident, the third perished by a mining accident, the fourth shot himself, the fifth was killed while hunting, the sixth met his death by dropping from a scaffolding, and the last was drowned.

Cats That Last a Century.

To wear your grandfather's coat would not seem much of an honor, but to John Chinaman it is the greatest felicity. Not only is the common looking, shapely blue blouse of his ancestor prized because it is his ancestor's, but because of its intrinsic value. The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk and costs anywhere from \$100 to \$250 a suit.

As a nation the Chinese object to wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries of experiment have taught them how best to make up the costly catpaw thread into the most durable form. On this account the Chinese dress, though of pure material, has none of the sheen usually associated with silk, a peculiarity which has resulted in the erroneous ideas as to their composition. All the garments are made in China and are only exported for the personal use of Celestials in foreign countries.

Owing to their cost, however, they are only purchased at long intervals, each garment being of so durable a character that they are handed down to the third and even the fourth generation. Wear appears to rather improve them than otherwise, with the result that the coat of the father or grandfather often has more intrinsic value than the newer and less worn articles.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Walls Ran Down.

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not recover easily from the surprise. He relates the story in this way: "I went to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Mister Smith in?'"

"Yes," said the man with the sojer cap. "Will you step in?"

"So I steps into the closet, and all of a sudden he pulls the rope, and—its the truth I tells yez—the walls of the building began running down to the cellar."

"Och, mother!" says I. "What'll become of Bridget and the children which was left below there?"

"Says the sojer cap man: 'Be aisy, sorr. They'll be all right when yez come down.'"

"Come down, is it?" says I. "And it is no closet at all, but a haytish balloon, that yez got me in!"

"And wid that the walls stood still, and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over my head! And, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hevins intirely!"—Irish Independent.

Dahlias For Food.

It is an interesting fact that when the dahlias were introduced into Europe it was not as a flower that they were

valued, but as a vegetable. The plant is said to be really akin to the potato, and it was thought that it would prove an important addition to our food resources. The single variety seems to have been imported first, the Marchioness of Bute having introduced it about 100 years ago. It came to us from Madrid, the Spaniards having, it is believed, found it first in Mexico, and it was introduced into France as well as England.

A few daring adventurers appear to have made trial of it as an edible root, but it is never an easy matter to popularize a new article of food, and the tuber of the dahlia did not take on. If it had done so, the probability is that we should never have troubled much about its cultivation as a flower. We never do grow things for fruit and flower, too, and if we had sacks of dahlia bulbs in Covent Garden we should have had no dahlias show at the Crystal Palace—London Correspondence.

His Opinion of Shakespeare.

There is a story going about concerning a famous man of letters who visited Washington recently. He appeared at but one dinner party. There he sat next the young daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him: "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?"

Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply, for as a Shakespearean scholar he has few peers.

"Yes," he said solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."—Washington Post.

Costly Lessons.

"What's that there young man's business?" asked Mr. Parvum.

"He's a tutor, I believe," replied his wife.

"What does he teach?"

"One of them old sciences, I s'pose," answered Mrs. Parvum. "I ain't just sure what it is, but last night Maybelle told me he was giving her some lessons in oculation."

"Well, I s'pose she's got to be educated," returned the old man. "I only hope he won't charge no fancy price for his lessons."—Chicago Post.

Standfast Nature.

"I have seen Brother Bruggetts grow from a poor young man to a middle-aged millionaire," said the aged minister, "and it has not changed him one bit. When he first entered my church, he established the habit of putting a quarter in the plate every Sunday, and, though he has since grown rich, he puts in his 25 cents."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Great Help.

Parke—Don't you find it a great thing to have a telephone in your house?

Lane—Yes, sir! My neighbors tell me they couldn't get along without it.—Life.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

REGULATE THE LIVER

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

THE EASY FOOD

Easy to Buy,  
Easy to Cook,  
Easy to Eat,  
Easy to Digest.

Quaker Oats

At all grocers in 2-lb. pkg.

A Great Worker.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in spite of

Does Coffee Agree With You?

If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grain. A lady writes: "The first time I made Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it for one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system. The children can drink it with great benefit. It is the package today from your grocer, follow the directions in making it and you have a delicious and healthful table beverage for old and young; 10c and 25c.

The way to buy family soap is to ask your grocer what soap he returns the money for, if not satisfactory? That's the soap to wash with.

Fels & Co. makers, Philadelphia.

An Ordinance

To improve Wolf street, from Wooster avenue to Thornton street.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Akron, Ohio, (two-thirds of all the members elected thereto concurring) that the improvement of Wolf street, from Wooster avenue to Thornton street, be proceeded with in accordance with a resolution to improve the same adopted on the 14th day of August, 1899, by grading the same to the established grade, all in accordance with the plans, profile and specifications relating thereto on file in the office of the city engineer.

Sec. 2. That the cost and expense of said improvement, except one-fifth and the cost of intersections, shall be assessed upon all the lots and lands and parcels thereof bounding and abutting upon said portion of said Wolf street, in proportion to the benefits which may result from said improvement.

Said assessment shall be payable in five (5) equal annual installments, and bonds shall be issued in anticipation of the collection of the same, providing the said assessment shall in no case exceed the limitations imposed by section 2701 of the revised statutes of Ohio, and the council find and the engineer declare that the property hereinbefore described will be specially benefited by the improvements thereof, and that no other property than that specified shall be assessed for said improvement.

Sec. 3. That all claims for damages, filed under the resolution adopted for the improvement of said street, shall be judicially ascertained before commencing said improvement.

Sec. 4. That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after the earliest period allowed by law.

Passed Nov. 27, 1899.

Chas. H. Isbell, City Clerk.

Approved by the Board of City Commissioners, Nov. 28 Dec 1.

E. P. Sprigle, Pres. City Council.

Chas. H. Isbell, Clerk.

A Resolution

Directing free-holders to report an estimated assessment of the cost and expense of improving East Market street, from High street to Buchtel avenue.

Be it resolved by the council of the city of Akron, Ohio, two-thirds of all the members elected thereto concurring, that Cornelius Hallinan, B. F. Clark and Robert S. Paul, three disinterested free-holders of the corporation, appointed a board for the purpose, be required to prepare and report to this council an estimated assessment of the cost and expense of improving East Market street, from High street to Buchtel avenue, upon the lots and lands and parcels thereof specially benefited by the improvements thereof, in an amount to be in proportion to the benefits which may result to the lots and lands and parcels thereof from said improvement, and limited to the special benefits conferred thereby to each lot or land or parcel thereof assessed.

Adopted November 27th, 1899.

Chas. H. Isbell, City Clerk.

Approved by the Board of City Commissioners, Nov. 28 Dec 6.

E. P. Sprigle, Pres. City Council.

Chas. H. Isbell, Clerk.

A Resolution

Directing free-holders to report an estimated assessment of the cost and expense of improving East Market street, from Buchtel avenue to Case avenue.

Be it resolved by the council of the city of Akron, Ohio, two-thirds of all the members elected thereto concurring, that Cornelius Hallinan, B. F. Clark and Robert S. Paul, three disinterested free-holders of the corporation, appointed a board for the purpose, be required to prepare and report to this council an estimated assessment of the cost and expense of improving East Market street, from Buchtel avenue to Case avenue, upon the lots and lands and parcels thereof specially benefited by the improvements thereof, in an amount to be in proportion to the benefits which may result to the lots and lands and parcels thereof from said improvement, and limited to the special benefits conferred thereby to each lot or land or parcel thereof assessed.

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Took the Tip.

The good advice of the laird of Waterston, in Aberdeenshire, to a sheep stealer reads like a very practical joke. He had himself sent the man to jail, and in those days sheep stealing was a capital offense. Visiting the prisoner the night before the trial, he asked him what he meant to do. To which the prisoner replied that he intended to confess and to pray for mercy.

"Confess?" said Waterston. "What, man, will ye confess and be hanged? Nae, nae! Deny it to my face."

He did so and was acquitted.